

MARVEL
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THE REAL

Nº71 40p

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GHSTBUSTERS™





A strange rustling of papyrus leaves, the scuttling of scarab beetles and indecipherable writing? This can mean only one thing . . . aarrghh! *There's something in the crypt!* Yes, issue 71 of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** sees the return of a fiend of the bandaged variety in **Curse that Pharaoh!** Then, we have some *herbaceous horror* for you in **Winston's Diary!** when there's some *fearsome foliage* on the loose! Then there's a little pot-pourri of stories for you to sit back and enjoy. **Weird Science** has a happening in it which can only be described as being weird and totally unscientific! Then Janine makes her feelings known in a tale of romance in **Head Over Heels!** Then, last but not least, Winston has an obsession with bells which would do Quasimodo proud in **False Alarm!** So, check for spooks and read on!

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Cover by BRIAN WILLIAMSON, DAVE HARWOOD and ROBIN BOUTTELL
Editor STUART BARTLETT Assistant Editor PERI GODBOLD
Spiritual Guide DAN ABNETT



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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDEMORE

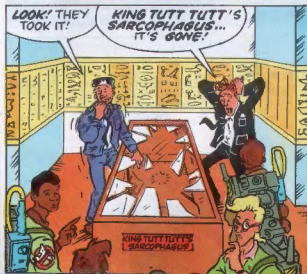
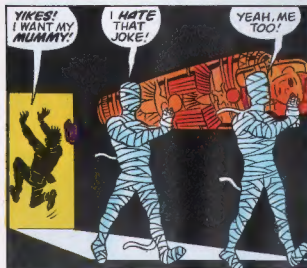
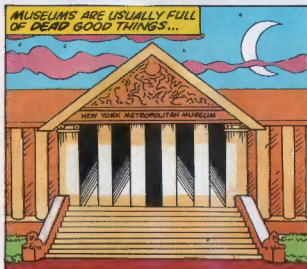


JANINE MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



CURSE OF THE PHAROAH

THIS CONFIRMS MY WORST FEARS! EVER SINCE THE KING TUTT TUTT EXHIBITION WAS BROUGHT HERE FROM EGYPT, STRANGE UTTERINGS HAVE BEEN HEARD ALL OVER THE BUILDING...

UGBABA!
UGBABA!



...IT'S THE CURSE OF THE PHAROHS!

MORE LIKE THE CURSING OF THE PHAROHS, IF YOU ASK ME!



IT'S MORE THAN JUST STRANGE WORDS! THINGS HAVE BEEN GOING MISSING! THIS GOLD MASK IS ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE EXHIBITION!



IT'S OKAY! WE'RE ON THE CASE!

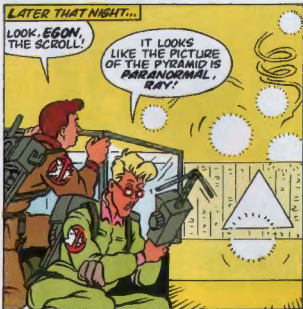
WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DIG UP!



LATER THAT NIGHT...

LOOK, EGON, THE SCROLL!

IT LOOKS LIKE THE PICTURE OF THE PYRAMID IS PARANORMAL, RAY!

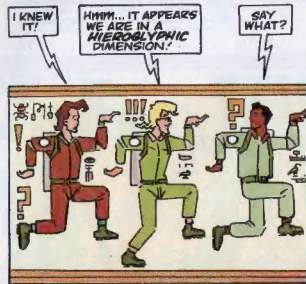
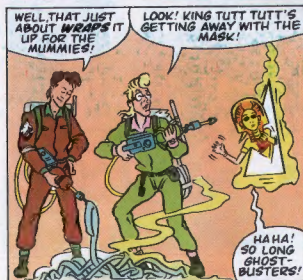
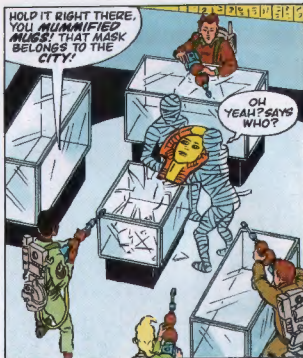


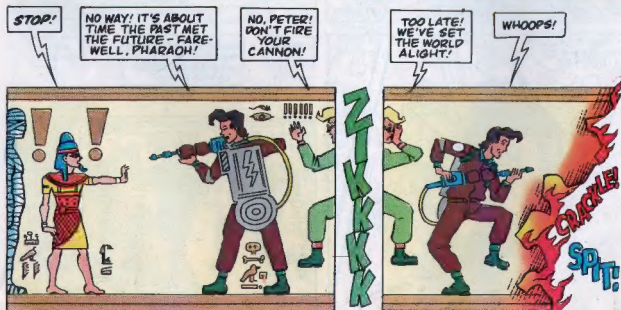
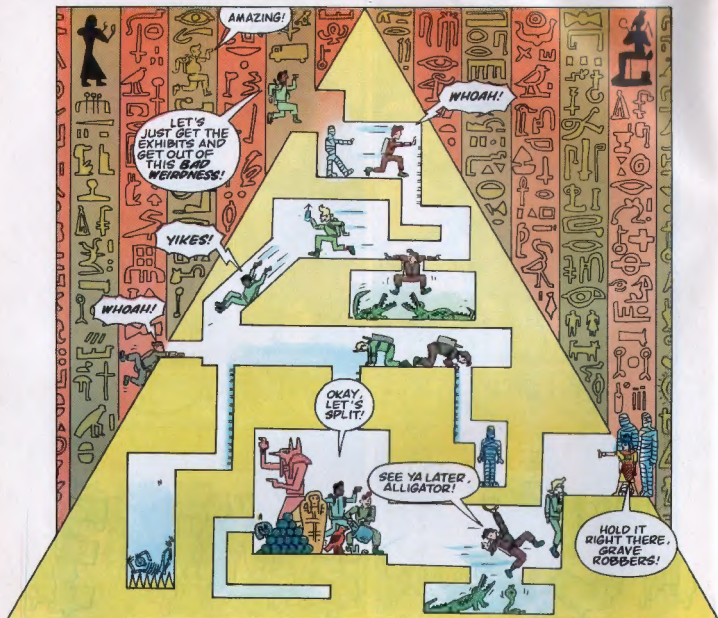
YOUR WISH IS OUR COMMAND, MASTER!

SHALL WE TAKE THE MASK?

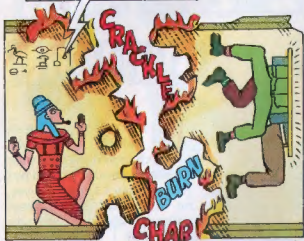
TUT TUT! OF COURSE, TUT! WHAT ARE YOU, DUMMIES? NOW, GET MY MASK!







AGGHHH! I DON'T WANT
TO BE CREMATED! I CAN'T
GO TO THE AFTERLIFE
ALL BLACK AND CRISPY-
I'M A KING, NOT A CRISP!



QUICK! THE
PHARAOH'S
ON FIRE!

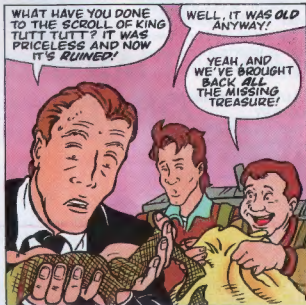
PUT IT OUT! THE
WHOLE MUSEUM
COULD GO UP!



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
TO THE SCROLL OF KING
TUTT TUTT? IT WAS
PRICELESS AND NOW
IT'S RUINED!

WELL, IT WAS OLD
ANYWAY!

YEAH, AND
WE'VE BROUGHT
BACK ALL
THE MISSING
TREASURE!



HERE IT IS...
UH-OH! IT'S
TURNED TO
ASHES!

CURSE THAT
PHARAOH!

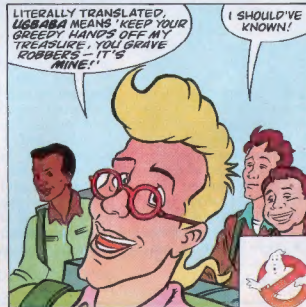
UGBABA!
UGBABA!



THERE'S
THE CURSE
AGAIN! WHAT'S
IT MEAN?

LITERALLY TRANSLATED,
UGBABA MEANS 'KEEP YOUR
GREEDY HANDS OFF MY
TREASURE. YOU GRAVE
ROBBERS - IT'S
MINE!'

I SHOULD'VE
KNOWN!



SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

'Do insects cause ghosts too?' asks Bella Turnpit of Martha's Vineyard. Good question, Bella, and the answer is yes. In 1834, in Boston, Massachusetts, the eminent parapsychologist Bernard Hadbonton Lugcroft captured a specimen that proved to the world once and for all that there were ghosts of insects. This is how it all happened.

B.H. LUGCROFT'S GREAT DISCOVERY

We pick up the story first in Lugcroft's well-preserved diary to see that "... in the winter of the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty four, I chanced to travel by post chase to the house of my old friend and colleague Doctor Thomas Brundell. Thomas had for some years been engaged in a most fascinating study of the ecto-morphic residues of phantoms and claimed that his life's work was to prove that a spectre, or bugaboo, could be generated by any living thing."

"It was a dark forbidding afternoon when my carriage finally drew up at the estate and my friend Brundell greeted me. Though charming and welcoming as usual, a part of me sensed that something was afoot with my dear old colleague, and it troubled me for some time. All through dinner he jab-



PART 71

bered articulately about the success of his experiments and how he had recently come close to discovering the ecto-a-morphic spirit in even the tiniest of God's insects. I sat at the table, eating little (for the truth was, my appetite had quite left me) and my worry grew and grew. Something was not at all right with my friend Brundell. He raved like a man possessed, spoke of his experiments like a manic-obsessive and a wild light gleamed in his eyes. I worried for his sanity, but that was not all! His appetite (unlike mine) was voracious to say the least, and he ate as fast as he talked. There was also a buzzing quality to his

voice that had not been there before. A terrible, subtle change had come over my friend, though I could not yet say how I knew. Oh yes, he also had dirty great antennae sprouting from his head. But I did not want to make any personal comments."

"It was much later in the night, during a terrific storm the like of which no one had seen since the time of Noah, that I had woken to the sound of a strange crying from the bowels of the old house. Cautiously, I rose to my feet, and, lighting a small taper, trod out into the passageway, following the sounds of the crying. Great fear filled me, fear for the safety of my good friend, and fear for mine own soul!"

"At last, the crying led me to a door in the deepest cellar of the house, where the sound was accompanied by a weird buzzing. The crying was a voice saying "Help me! Help me!" Agonised, I opened the door. There was my friend, sobbing on the floor, a rolled newspaper in his hand, exhausted at trying to swat a fly buzzing round his head. But the fly was a *phantom*, and you cannot swat what is not there!"

Thus Lugcroft made his great discovery and also his fortune as a writer of cheap horror books. Takes all sorts, I suppose ...



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DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!
Dare you read on?



Legend has it that this story has more than a grain of truth in it... amazing as it may seem! Amazing it is too, for the story goes that a Dutchman named Van Heilen actually witnessed two were-jaguars when he was trading with Arawak Indians along the Amazon River!

One night, it seems that the intrepid man was startled to hear some unearthly shrieks and upon investigation, found them to belong to a small boy who was being beaten mercilessly by an old crone. "When I find his sister, I'll give her a taste of the same medicine!" she shrieked.

The unfortunate girl was then promptly dragged from a bush, screaming. It was then that the Dutchman intercepted, and the old woman reluctantly left the children alone. Clearly filled with

gratitude, the children offered their thanks and said, "May the spirit of the jungle always protect you."

Van Heilen was a little puzzled by the scene and the children explained that the spirit of the jungle was their mother and that she would have her revenge on the crone!

The Dutchman was intrigued, as you would be, and followed the two youngsters into the darkness of the jungle, making sure that they did not see

After some time, they reached a clearing, in which lay a pool and there in the centre was an enormous water lily, glowing strangely like nothing from this world! A strange ritual then ensued, in which the children threw flowers into the pool, whilst uttering strange charms.

Van Heilen was then confronted with an unearthly vision which seemed to glow and swirl upwards

from the pond; a vision which was to end as abruptly as it started!

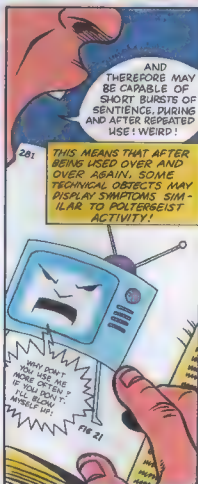
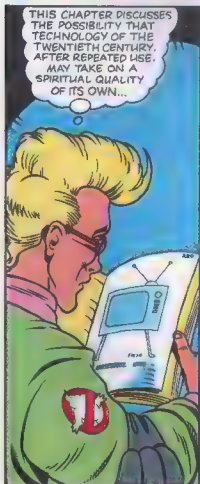
The strangest thing of all, however, was that when everything had seemingly returned to normality, the children had vanished and there in their place, were two jaguars, both beautiful and terrible in the same instant!

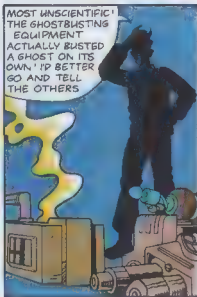
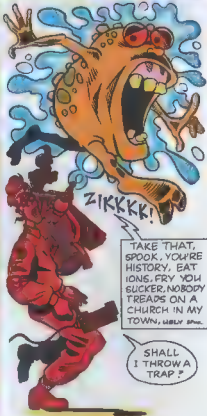
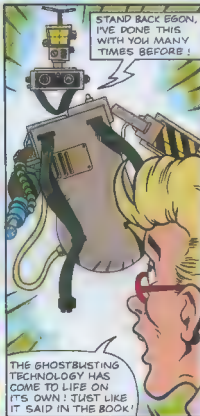
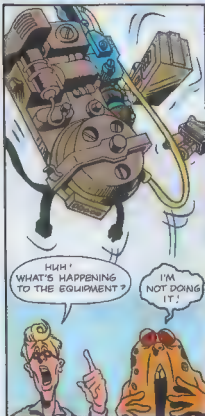
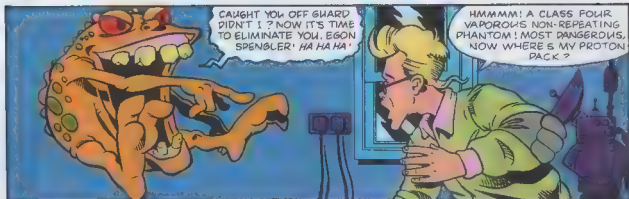
When he had recovered sufficiently to return to the hut, the jaguars had left and so, he retraced his steps.

When he reached the hut, it was daylight and hearing some unusual sounds from within the hut, he decided to go in. To his utter horror the two children were there, crouching in the corner and munching on what appeared to be a bone! Worse still was that there was no sign of the old woman! Aarrgghh!



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





GHOST WRITING!



Welcome to another ghostly post bag! C'mon people, send in all your ectoplasmic enquiries to us. You know it makes sense!

Dear Peter . . .

Why is a Proton Gun called a Proton Gun, because a proton is a molecule of light and I'm sure light cannot trap a ghost. So, correct me if I'm wrong, but does the Proton Gun fire a laser light and the laser light carry ions? If I'm right shouldn't you call the Proton Guns Ion Guns?

— Michael Hollis, Winsford

I have to tell you Michael, that not only are you confused, but you are wrong as well! I didn't even have to consult Egon to find out! A photon is a molecule of light, and a proton is a particle of an atom which has a positive electrical charge. That's what traps ghosts. Also you could call the gun an Ion Gun, but you can also call it a Proton Gun. It really makes little difference.

I have a couple of questions for you:

1. How many ECTO's are there?
2. Are all your weapons nuclear?

— Alan Leeson, Drifffield

1. There's two ECTO's at the moment. Good old ECTO-1, the Cadillac Ambulance and ECTO-2, the hearse with helicopter attached. This is only for very out of the ordinary busts, though. 2. Only the Proton equipment is powered by a nuclear accelerator.

I would like to be a Ghostbuster when I grow up. What do I need to do to prepare? Also, do you sometimes use a bicycle in your hunt for ghosts?

— Andrew Sadouk, France

Well, I have to say to you now, Andrew, that you will meet with some very stiff competition. It seems that Ghostbusting is just too cool and trendy! It hasn't been known for us to use a bicycle on a bust as far as I can remember, but you never know. One day a bike could be the solution to all our problems!

In issue thirty-eight's story 'Ghostly Reflections' you were all wearing Ghostbusting gear which you don't wear on other busts. Why was this?

— Kelly Chandler, Portsmouth

Well, you know how it is, Kelly, anything for a dramatic entrance!

I have some news for you about Egon's hair. In the film **GHOSTBUSTERS**, Egon's hair was brown and then in the comic, his hair was blond. I know there's nothing wrong with that, but in the film **GHOSTBUSTERS II**, yes, his hair is brown again. Why is this?

— Lee Jackson, Brighouse

This is news? Lee, you're forgetting something — I was in the film as well! It's called 'movie continuity' in the trade!

1. Please ask Egon if he will send me a guide to the supernatural or something scientific.
 2. Please tell Janine she's the best-looking girl I've ever seen. What are you doing on Wednesday, Janine?
- Paul Campbell, Yeaton

Thanks for the compliment, Paul! 1. Egon tells me that his supernatural paraphernalia and scientific equipment are either classified or necessary to his research. He did say, however, that if you'd like a mushroom, what sort would you like? 2. Please control yourself, Paul. You'll be a better man for it at the end of the day!

Does Slimer bother you very much?

— Domenico Carchedi

Well, I'll give you a multiple choice of three and you can guess for yourself:

1. Yes.
2. Only when he slimes me.
3. Yes.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD and ROBIN BOUTTELL

Thursday, 12th of October 1989

It was just a typical day at Ghostbusters HQ. Ray was fixing some new detection gear into ECTO-1, Janine was typing out invoices and Peter was adding noughts to all the totals. I was explaining to Egon just why a ten foot ghost shark had started terrorising Wall Street. Slimer? – well, I think Slimer was in the kitchen when the Begonias arrived.

They smelt great, and Janine was delighted with them. The card said "From a Well Wisher", which could have meant somebody who stood around wishing wells all day, but probably meant someone who we'd done a bust for. Someone grateful. (I should have known better after recent events involving flowers).

It was about then that Ray noticed the spot of moss, that had been growing in the corner of the garage, seemed to be getting bigger. As Janine put those Begonias in water on her desk, I noticed that they seemed to be swaying around a lot, like they were still alive. When I looked again, they were completely still. "Flowers," said Peter. "Someone obviously likes me!"

"They were sent to all of us, Peter," Janine pointed out.

"Oh, the person's probably shy. My good looks can do that."

Peter picked out a Begonia and handed it to Janine. "For you," he smiled.

"No thanks," replied Janine, sniffing it carefully. "They don't look ... right to me, somehow. Anyway, this one's got aphids on it. Nasty, creepy insects."

"So they are for Peter!" I said. Before Peter could reply, Ray was shouting in alarm. We turned away from Janine's desk, to see him being attacked by what looked like a green carpet!

"Help!" came another desperate shout, as the moss glowed strangely and grew larger. Peter raced to ECTO-1 and pulled out his Proton Pack and Gun. "Hang on, Ray!" he shouted, as Ray was buried

once more under the moss.

"I ammmmmf!" Ray replied. By this time, Egon and I had grabbed our Proton Guns too and we let fly at the moss with a concentrated blast of energy. It quivered, rolled off Ray and shrunk to normal size.

"Yeeeeeek!" came a scream from behind us. We turned, to see Janine being attacked by huge aphid-like creatures, with more of them jumping off the flowers, growing larger, and plodding towards us. They clacked their legs furiously, and gave a sort of weird hissing as they moved closer. Janine frantically fought off the aphids that had grabbed her. "I'm not having this sort of nonsense in my office!" she shouted. "I've just tidied it up!"

The aphids ignored her. At this point, Slimer returned from the kitchen, a huge sandwich in his hand, and surveyed the scene with a ghostly grin on his face.

"Friendies in biggeetwouble now!"

"You can say that again," I muttered, arming my Proton Gun.

"Frieendee."

"Shut up, Slimer!" snarled Peter, letting fly at the aphids with his Proton Gun.

"We're in serious trouble," said Egon, checking readings on his PKE Meter. "These creatures seem to be emanating a sort of psychic force field. Our Proton Beams may not be strong enough to get through it."

"Perhaps if we all blasted at once?" suggested Ray, wiping some moss off his face.

"No," replied Egon, jumping out of the way of an aphid that seemed to have decided he was lunch. "If we do that and we still can't get through, there may be no Ghostbusters HQ left!"

"Or Ghostbusters, come to that," added Peter. "Well, you'd better think of something Egon, or we're going to be insect bait!"

The aphids clattered their limbs again, and advanced once more. Janine had

gotten onto her desk, grabbing her reading light and whirled it round her head like an ancient barbarian warrior. "Back-off, you bugs!" she shouted. "Give friends BACK!" replied the insects, pointing towards the basement, and the Ecto-Containment Chamber.



"So THAT'S what this is all about!" I said. "Another boring attempt by paranormals to put us out of business."

"Which looks as though it might just succeed, Winston," Egon carefully pointed out. Like I said before, nothing much gets past him.

Well, there had to be some way through that psychic force field, and one of us had to find it. Slimer watched with interest as the aphids started to chase us around the room. Ray took his stand on top of ECTO-1 with Peter as back up. "Do something, Ray," he said, watching as Ray gave an aphid a terrific whack with the end of his Proton Gun.

Egon had produced a calculator and seemed to ignore the fact that the aphids had both of us surrounded. "Just a few more minutes," he muttered.

"Now if the x square root energy potential is added to the multiplication factor, that should put the centre of the



force field . . . on Janine's desk!"

Of course, it was the Begonias. "Discovered!" they shrieked. "But you're too late, Ghostbusters!" The flowers began to metamorphose into something unpleasant. But they had reckoned without Slimer, who had been making his way towards them. "Pweetty," he said. "Goodeeefood, too!" Before the Begonias could transform into some hideous otherworld creature, Slimer put the whole bunch into his mouth and ate the lot. There was a muffled shriek, and the threat was over.

"Uh oh," clacked the aphids, looking sheepish.

"Uh oh is right," said Peter, grinning as he raised his Proton Gun. "Get em, guys!"

We had the aphids trapped in minutes, and that, as they say was that. It looked as though all the problems we'd been having with the plant world recently were finally over. Of course, there was the problem of calming Janine down when she saw what Peter's first deflected ray-blast had done to her filing cabinets, but that's another story . . .

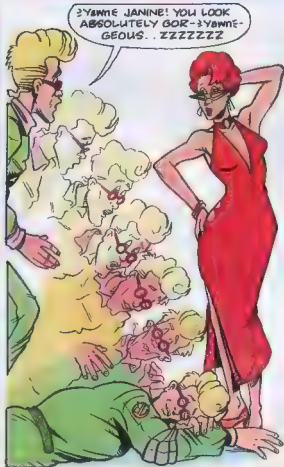
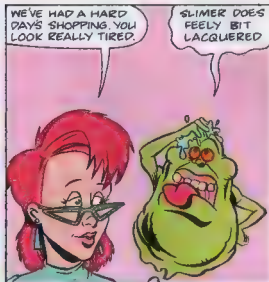
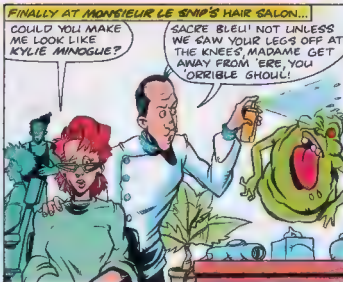


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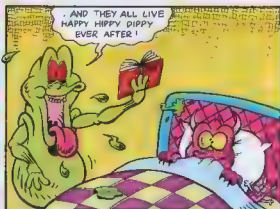
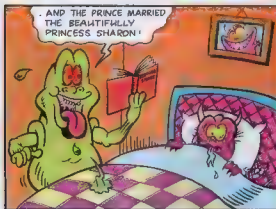
HEAD - OVER - HEELS!





BLIMEY!
IT'S

SLIME
TIME



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London WC2



What did the ghostly teacher say to her pupils?

"I'll go through it again!"

— Michael Payne, Great Yarmouth

Where does Dracula keep his money?

In a blood bank!

— Christopher Collins, Chester

What is a bird's favourite breakfast?

Tweetabix!

— Michael Ord, Canterbury

What do you do if you want to join Dracula's fan club?

Send your name, address and blood group on the back of an envelope!

— Dan Trent, Glasgow

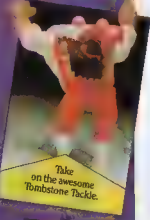
What is the greediest ghost in the world?

A goblin!

What do ghosts sing around the camp fire?

Gin gan ghoulie, ghoulie ...!

— Carl Shephard, Atherstone



**FLY DOWN
TO ASDA FOR**



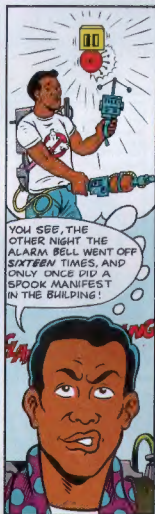
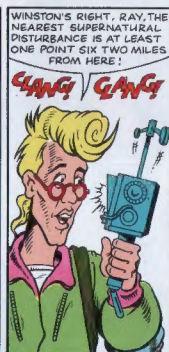
The Best Ghostbusters ever before
Now, a collect the whole lot of your favourite
characters, from your favourite Ghostbusters
to the most heinous Haunted Huma-
noid... they're all here!

ASDA

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TM&® MARVEL THE NEW UNIVERSE

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





SCREECH FOR THE SKY!

IN JUST 7 DAYS

Look out! It's the ...



MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST



Titles on sale now

■ **TRANSFORMERS 240** The Mecannibals are back for a light snack in **Out to Lunch**, by Furman and Wildman, and Dreadwind, Darkwing and Quickstitch are on the menu! Devious doings are being done in **Back From the Dead**, by Furman, Delbo and Hunt, and Ratchet's about to find out that dreams (nightmares?) really can come true. To wrap things up, there's a final part of **Beginnings and Endings**, by Hama, Rogers and Bulanadi, Action Force find out that the Iron Curtain is about to fall – on them!

■ **THE PUNISHER 12** Man, the rubbish piles up so fast in New Jersey that you need wings to stay above it. What had started as a gang war to control refuse distribution has turned into a battle to stop lunatic arabs reducing New York to thermo-nuclear garbage, and now the Punisher really has his hands full. Oh well, that's life! **Wild Rose** is by Baron, Ross and Beatty. Half a world away, in **The 'Nam**, the boys from the 4/23rd are about to find out there's no such word as pacified! **Humpin' the Boonies** is by Murray and Golden.

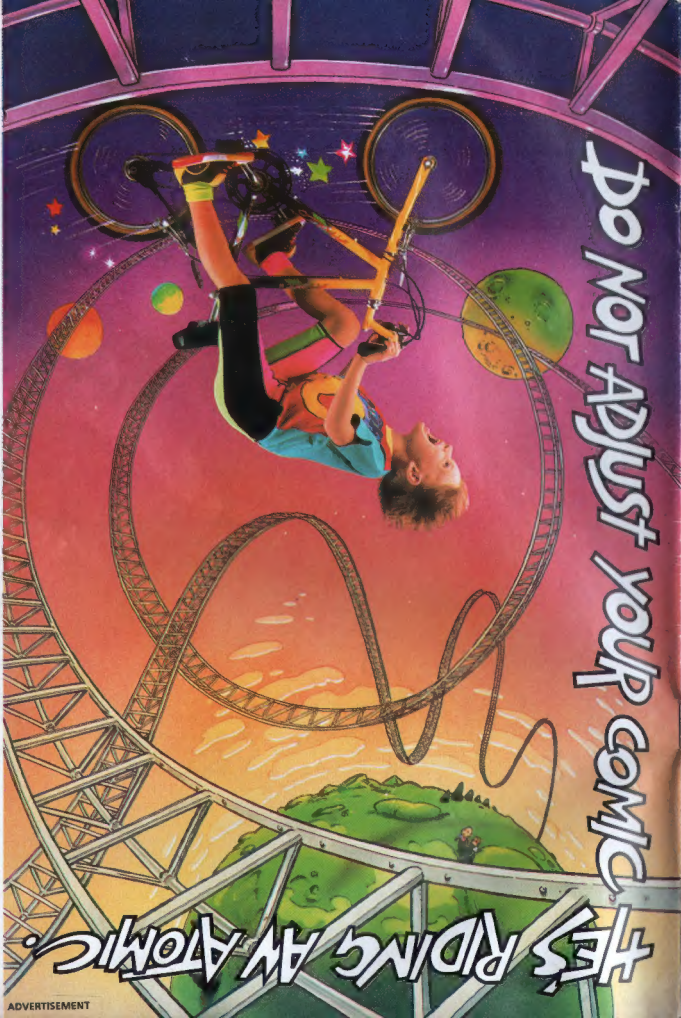
■ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 71** See the return of a really cursed issue, featuring a malevolent mummy or two in **Curse that Pharaoh** by Carrell, Ilya and Harwood. There's a herbaceous horror in store for the guys in **Winston's Diary** by Freeman, Marshall and Harwood. Also, there's another chance to see **Weird Science**, **False Alarm**, and the previously unpublished **Head over Heels**. So there!



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